

# Love in a Hurry

By GELETT BURGESS  
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## CHAPTER XII—Continued.

The party was now in full swing. Some twenty were in the reception room, dancing or watching the dancers. The evening grew in life and merriment. Mr. Doremus, back from his interview with Flodie, was infected by the revels. He blossomed suddenly and unexpectedly into hilarity, and encouraged and stimulated by the gayer of the young actresses, became, in spite of himself, the center of the party. The company did not let him off till Alfred Smallish, blushing furiously, appeared in the doorway.

"Supper is ready—I mean—er—supper is served!" he announced, and coughed into his hand.

The three soubrettes who had been peering Mr. Doremus with pinks, now surrounded him, bound him with evergreen garlands and carried him off enlaid, through the office, where Flodie was presiding over tables of salad and sandwiches, into the reception room, where they enthroned him on an old Spanish chair, and waited on him like hours. The gentlemen rushed back and forth with plates and napkins; everybody began to talk and laugh. Beer bottles popped.

Hall was now becoming desperate. It did not seem at all so easy as he had expected. If only Flodie hadn't got her back up so foolishly! Well, he must, at least, be off with his old loves before he was on with the new. And, for that, he must have the answers of the two women. He left the company and walked into the studio, now deserted, to look at the clock. Heavens! It was already half after eleven. Something would have to happen in a hurry, if—

Carolyn Dailys appeared in the doorway, smiling. She was wearing corn color, in a costume no man could have described five minutes after he had seen it. Carolyn's clothes were always not only original but characteristic of her.

She sauntered in, and dropped upon the couch, to look up at him good-naturedly. Hall's hopes rose. It was going to be easy, thank heaven. She didn't at all have the smile of a prospective owner.

"Well, Hall," she began, "you don't seem particularly anxious to see your blushing bride. I had almost begun to think you were deliberately avoiding me."

"Avoiding you! Nonsense, Carolyn!" Hall laughed easily and tossed her a box of cigarettes. "Really, I've been so confoundedly busy with all these people, and—"

She broke in placidly: "Well, you're not busy now, are you?"

Hall began to be afraid. "Oh, no, of course not. Why?" He watched her as if she were about to strike him.

"Well, then, I've made up my mind, Hall."

"What do you mean?" he asked, and assuming a carelessness he was far from feeling, he walked to the table and took up a flower, idly.

"Why, I told you over the telephone, didn't I? Look pleasant, Hall," she said; "it's 'yes.' I've decided to accept you."

Hall grew faint. It was not alone the words that alarmed him. It was the cold-blooded tone in which they were uttered. There was a deliberateness, a fixity of purpose in it that threatened his complacency. Carolyn still maintained her usual jocular man-

ner, but there was something keen and steely beneath it that he had never before felt. He rose to meet it with all his skill at acting.

"Lord, Carolyn," he exclaimed, walking up to her impatiently, "you didn't really take me seriously, this morning, did you?" He burst out into forced laughter. "Well, that is funny; think of you—of all women—getting caught like that! It's perfectly absurd! You can't make me believe you thought I was in earnest, you know! That's absurd!"

So the agile trout, when he first feels the hook in his mouth, thinks that by a bold struggle he can regain his freedom, and thrashes the pool with hectic energy. But Carolyn, with all her humor, was a shrewd cool fisher of men. Calmly, surely, she kept her line taut. She had struck four millions! Not for a moment had she lost her composure. Slowly she spoke; she almost drawled.

"Why, yes, I did, Hall! Surely, you seemed to have a lucid interval, you know, this morning, and I believed every word you said. And what's more," she added, "I believe it now!" Lazily, to and fro, her feather fan was sweeping.

Hall floundered again, wildly. "Oh, come on, Carolyn! Can't you take a joke?"

"Yes," she answered smilingly, "when I see the point of it. Will you kindly explain?"

The point, Hall well knew, was in his own mouth. He dashed up and down the room fretfully, making fervent gestures. Poor fish! He still imagined he could get away from the hook. "Good heavens, I have explained, haven't I? Why, I only wanted to hear what you'd say!"

"Well, you've heard; I say 'yes!' Now what?" She took a cigarette from the table and gracefully lighted it, puffed out the smoke, and yawned.

As she drew in her line thus, his frenzied struggles were getting shorter, but more violent. "Oh, hang it all, Carolyn, you know I was only fooling, of course! Why, we were laughing all the time, you know that! I had no idea you'd ever accept me! Do you mean to tell me that you are in love with me?" he asked bittlingly.

"Not at all! I see no need of lying about it, whatever. But you certainly do amuse me." Her eyes danced.

"Well, I should say it was hardly enough to accept a man simply because he amused you!" This was the best Hall could do, now; he was getting winded.

"Oh, yes," she replied jauntily, "on the contrary, I'm quite sure that I shall want to be amused all my life—especially when I'm married."

"Heavens! Do you consider that we are engaged?"

She looked at him with surprised eyes. Her fishing was approaching a climax. She began to wind in her line to short length, speaking incisively. "See here, Hall, you're not trying to get out of it, or anything, are you?"

Hall gasped, wearied with the duel. "Now, Carolyn, let me explain just how it is—I'll have to tell you something—I want to—hang it—you make it so damned hard for me—what I mean is—"

Carolyn rose and looked him in the eye. She laid her hand on him; and, soft as was its touch, he felt as if it were gripping him like a handcuff.

"Hall, see here! Are you trying to get out of it, or aren't you? Just tell me that!"

"Why—why, I think you're carrying the joke a little too far, Carolyn, that's all—honestly I do!"

Carolyn now had him at the edge of the boat. She jerked him in with a laugh. "My dear old Hall," she said, and her voice was honey-sweet, "I'm carrying it only far enough to want to wear that ring you bought today for me. Where is it?" She actually began to feel in his waistcoat pocket.

He backed off in terror. "I haven't any ring!"

Carolyn smiled. "Well, never mind. We don't want anyone to know just yet, anyway, do we? Rings can wait.

covered the cause of her failure at last, when one very irritable old gentleman she called on told her that he would prefer one language to three if a brush and comb were thrown in with the one. She had sacrificed habits of tidiness to the attractions of irregular verbs.

### Origin of Crescent.

Professor Ridgeway, in England, advocated a new view, according to which the Mohammedans got the idea of the crescent, not from the new moon, but from the ancient and long-continued use in Asia Minor of amulets made by fitting two boars' tusks together at the base. The figure thus produced certainly bears a closer resemblance to a typical crescent, as it is represented on the Turkish flag than does a new moon. The wide distribution of these amulets, however, suggests that they may have had a common origin in some symbol pertaining to the moon. They are found as far away as New Guinea, while in Africa they are in common use, made, however, of lions' claws instead of boars' tusks.

### His Specialty.

A certain man of New York, known familiarly as "P. C.," admits that his early school record was not deserving of academic reward. But he got one medal. He grew up in Louisville and there attended a small school presided over by a lady of the old regime, a tender and kind-hearted soul. Each year, when the last day of school came around, the scholars and their parents gathered for the award of prizes, and the gentle schoolmistress could not bear to let any child go disappointed. When commencement day came P. C.'s name also was read out for a special medal. It was awarded "For cheerfulness during the recreation hour."

Studious Girl Neglects Her Hair. I heard Max O'Rell once tell the story of a young lady who acquired three languages while doing her hair, said a prominent London man. Then she trotted her three languages round, and found to her surprise that no one seemed particularly anxious to engage her. They really could not stand the look of her head. She dis-

Now come over here and sit down, and I'll tell you exactly what we're going to do." She proceeded to lead him, too dazed to resist, toward the couch where they sat down together.

"Now be brave," she said, smiling. "I'll let you hold my hand. You do just what I say, and you'll never regret it. I hate engagements; they have neither the excitement of courtship, nor the satisfaction of matrimony. So, at just nine o'clock tomorrow morning, you are going to call on me and we'll toddle down to a justice of the peace. We'll just cut out the white veil and downcast eyes and everything. All you'll have to do is to put a gold band on my finger; and my share will be to say 'I will' and become Mrs. Hall Bonistelle. What's the matter?"

Hall was staring toward the door. "My cousin Jonas," he said.

"Oh, bother!" Carolyn's eyes shot fire. "Just as we want to arrange everything."

Jonas Hassingbury, tall and gaunt, eating a lettuce sandwich, strolled in, as cool and self-possessed as the most experienced cotillion leader in town. He was perfectly sure of himself; without wealth, or power or social training, he was blessed with an egoism that a king might have envied. Jonas had never been embarrassed in his life.

Hall looked at him, for the first time with relief, and rose.

"Miss Dailys," he said, "let me present my cousin, Mr. Hassingbury."

Jonas put the sandwich behind his back, and bowed. Carolyn looked up at him, annoyed.

"Dailys?" Jonas queried, "never heard of that name before, to my knowledge. What be ye, Portuguese?" With the grace of a veteran, he dropped down beside her on the couch. At any other time Carolyn would have welcomed his quaint charm. But her eyes were now for Hall, and she was anxious. Her answer was vague.

Jonas, however, did not appear to notice it. His work was plain. He had to make himself attractive, and get rid of Hall. He launched forth, therefore, on a description of the town of Branford while Carolyn yawned behind her fan.

At the first pause Hall broke in. "By jove, Carolyn, I've got to get some photographs in my room I promised to show Mr. Doremus! Cousin Jonas will take care of you all right, Carolyn. He's a great man for the ladies!" and with this slid out of range of her protest.

Carolyn pulled herself together to make the best of it. This yokel must be got rid of at once. She leaned toward him with ardor.

"Oh, Mr. Hassingbury, do you really think I'm pretty? You must have known so many beautiful women—in Branford!"

"Yes, that's right!" said Jonas, with unctuous. "I certainly have, miss. Why, I've buried three wives already! I reckon I know pretty near as much about women as anybody."

"Then you're just the man I've been looking for!" said Carolyn. "I want you to help me; will you?" She jumped up eagerly.

He rose also. "What appears to be the trouble?"

"Why, there are two women here that I'm just dying to have your opinion of. Come out with me and I'll introduce them to you, and let you talk to them; will you?"

"You bet I will. Just let me see 'em! I guess if anybody can elze 'em up, Jonas Hassingbury can!"

And with that he followed her out into the other room, and Carolyn delivered him over to Rosamund Gale.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Hall, meanwhile, was near the boiling point of his rage. He had been defeated by Carolyn's cleverness. He was furious at her, at himself, at everybody. Here were two women, now, who had a hold on him—and before long there would be three! Never! Hall swore it with a round oath. Mrs.

### Cosmopolitan Nation.

The Roumanian is a lover of the mountains and the woods. It is, indeed, to the peaks and forests of the Carpathians that he owes his national existence.

Isolated in them, the Roumanian has clung more tenaciously to the ways and customs of his ancestors than any of the Latin races, and it is said that today his language contains more pure Latin words than the Italian. He is a composite nationality, however. About twenty towns and villages of Roumania have been positively identified by archeologists as of Roman origin, but there were Dacians in the land before the Romans and other racial stocks have left their mark on the language and character of the people.

### Save the Pinafore Stuff.

They have "canned" the singing master and stopped the singing lessons at the United States naval training station on the great lakes, substituting Swedish athletic exercises. "Because," explains the commandant, "this is no Pinafore. We

Royalton, at least, would not triumph. She hadn't Carolyn's brains, she hadn't Rosamund's disarming beauty. She was, when it came right down to it, more or less of a fool. Why not ignore her, and make a last attempt to wu Flodie? He looked up at the clock. Good heavens! It was already twenty minutes to twelve! And his four millions were no nearer than ever. He jumped up impulsively, and strode to the door.

The company had about finished supper. The little orchestra had started up again, and had begun on a new turkey-trot. As a proof of its insidious charm, who but Jonas Hassingbury himself had succumbed! He was dancing with the fair Rosamund. Mr. Doremus, still surrounded and petted by the three pretty actresses, was telling a funny story. There was a sharp squall of laughter as he finished. Where the devil was Flodie? Hall peered from behind the portieres, so as not to be seen himself. In a moment she emerged from the stockroom with a plate of ice cream, and, smiling, passed it to Mr. Doremus. Then she looked up, and caught Hall's eye. He



It Was Already Twenty Minutes to Twelve.

beckoned and she carelessly approached the studio.

As she crossed the threshold Hall caught her by the wrist and drew in. She looked up at him, a little frightened.

"Flodie," he exclaimed wildly, "Flodie, I can't stand it any longer. Don't keep it up any longer, dear! Say, 'yes,' can't you? Flodie, for God's sake!"

She looked him up and she looked him down, and anger was in her eyes. "I gave you my answer, Mr. Bonistelle. Didn't you understand me, this afternoon?" She backed off, preparing to leave.

He seized her again. "Flodie, I won't take no for an answer. I love you too much!" He fumbled in his pocket and drew out the ring. "Here, take this, Flo; wear it, won't you? And, as soon as I can get Mr. Doremus in here, I'll put another one on your finger that'll make us man and wife!"

She took it, and tossed it across the studio. It bounded along the floor. "No, thanks, Mr. Bonistelle! You'll have to excuse me, I'm busy."

"But heavens, Flo, look at the clock! It's nearly twelve! I have only fifteen minutes more, Flo! Don't turn me down! Oh, I want you so, Flodie—won't you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Knapsacks for Misses.

Schoolgirls of Berlin must not carry their books in a handbag, but in a knapsack on the back. The minister of education is responsible for this new rule. The rule is directed to teachers, parents and the girls themselves. The minister declares that the habit of carrying books in handbags is likely to lead to curvature of the spine and derangement of internal organs.

haven't time for musical comedy sailing."

But you might as well cut the crow out of a rooster as the song out of a sailor. Singing, moreover, is about the largest asset of patriotism. It is one of the sweetest commentaries on our sweet state of civilization that fighting must be set to music.

Let us hail the blessed day when war shall be carried on exclusively with our vocal cords.

### Good Surmise.

A woman's magazine says the diamond is losing its popularity for engagement rings. We don't know what the substitute is, but we'll bet it's nothing cheaper.—Detroit Free Press.

### Derivation of the Language.

Sixty per cent of English words are of Teutonic origin, 30 per cent are Greek and Latin and 10 per cent come from other sources.

In nearly every street of the cities of Japan there is a public oven, where, for a small fee, people may have their dinners cooked.

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### It Made Him Think.

"I listened to your speech with the greatest care," said the constituent to the young congressman.

"Well, I think there was food for thought in it," said the congressman.

"You bet there was! It just made me think what a fool I had been to vote for you."

When a man is compelled to eat his words his appetite is soon satisfied.

## It Never Came Back

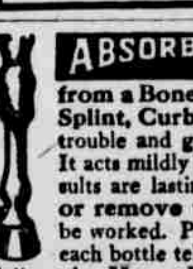
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